

Why how shall I requite you?
Can you cate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Both. What we can do,

Wee'l do to do you seruice.

Tim. Y'are honest men,

Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,

I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore

Came not my Friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,

Thou counterfeit'st most liuely.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. Ene so far as I say. And for thy fiction,

Why thy Verse swels with stufte so fine and smooth,

That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.

But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)

I must needs say you haue a little fault,

Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I

You take much paines to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour

To make it knowne to vs.

Tim. You'l take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,

That mightily deceiues you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,

See him dissemble,

Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,

Keep in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd

That he's a made-up Villaine.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Pain. Nor I.

Timon. Looke you,

I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold

Rid me these Villaines from your companies;

Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

Ile giue you Gold enough.

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:

But two in Company:

Each man a part, all single, and alone,

Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company:

If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,

Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide

But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.

Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues:

You haue worke for me; there's payment, thence,

You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:

Out Rascall dogges.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with Timon:

For he is set so onely to himselfe,

That nothing but himselfe, which looks like man,

Is friendly with him.

1. Sen. Bring vs to his Caue.

It is our part and promise to th'Athenians

To speake with Timon.

2. Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greeces

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chanc'd it as it may.

Stew. Heere is his Caue:

Peace and content be heere. Lord Timon, Timon,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,

Speake and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister, and each false

Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,

Consuming it with speaking.

1. Worthy Timon.

Tim. Of none but such as you,

And you of Timon.

1. The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon.

Tim. I thanke them,

And would send them backe the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1. O forget

What we are sorry for our selues in thee:

The Senators, with one consent of loue,

Inreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought

On speciall Dignities, which vacante lye

For thy best vse and wearing.

2. They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;

Which now the publike Body, which doth fildoms

Play there-cancer, feeling in it selfe

A lacke of Timons ayde, hath since withall

Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to Timon,

And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,

Together, with a recompence more fruitfull

Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,

I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,

As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their loue,

Euer to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;

Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,

And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1. Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,

And of our Athens, thine and ours to take

The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name

Liue with Authoritie: so soone we shall drue backe

Of Alcibiades th'approache: wild,

Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp

His Countries peace.

2. And shakes his threatening Sword

Against the walle: of Athens.

1. Therefore Timon.

Tim. Well sir, I will: therefore I will fir thus:

If Alcibiades kill my Countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,

That Timon cares not. But if he sacke faire Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,

Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine

Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:

Then let him know, and tell him Timon speakes it,

In

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,

And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not,

While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,

There's not a whittle, in th'varly Campe,

But I do prize it at my loue, be'ore

The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leane you

To the protection of the prosperous Gods;

As Theeues to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,

It will be seene to morrow. My long sicknesse

Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,

And nothing brings me all things. Go, lye still,

Be Alcibiades your plague; you his,

And last so long enough.

1. We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not

One that reioyes in the common wracke,

As common brute doth pue it.

1. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my louing Countreymen.

1. These words become your lippes as they passe thro-

row them.

2. And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,

And tell them, that to ease them of their griefes,

Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,

Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes

That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine

In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,

Ile teach them to prevent wilde Alcibiades wrath.

1. I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,

That mine owne vse inuities me to cut downe,

And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,

From high to low throughout, that who so please

To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;

Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,

And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall

Find him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,

Timon hath made his euellasting Mansion

Vpon the Beached Verge of the sal Flood,

Who once a day with his embossed Froth

The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,

And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:

Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:

What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.

Graves onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;

Summe, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1. His discontentes are vnmoueably coupled to Na-

ture.

2. Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,

And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs

In our deere perill.

1. It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1. Thou hast painfully discouer'd: are his Files

As full as thy report?

Mef. I haue spoke this

Besides his expedition pre

2. We stand much hazzard

Mef. I met a Currier,

Whom though in general

Yet our old loue made a p

And made vs speake like

From Alcibiades to Timon

With Letters of intreaty,

His Fellowship it's cause

In part for his sake mow'd

Enter the

1. Heere come our Bre

3. No talke of Timon,

The Enemies Drumme is

Doth choake the ayre with

Ours is the fall I feare, ou

Enter a Souldier in

Sol. By all description

Whose heere? Speake ho

Timon is dead, who hath

Some Beast read this; T

Dead sure, and this his G

I cannot read: the Charra

Our Capitaine hath in eue

An ag'd Interpreter, thou

Before proud Athens hee

Whose fall the marke of l

Trumpets sound. Enter

before

Alc. Sound to this Co

Our terrible approach.

The Senators ap

Till now you haue gone

With all Licentious mea

The scope of lustice. Till

As slept within the shado

Haue wander'd with our

Our sufferance vainly: N

When crouching Marrow

Cries (of it selfe) no more

Shall sit and pant in your

And purfie Insolence shal

With seare and horrid fig

1. Sen. Noble, and you

When thy first griefes we

Ere thou had'st power, or

We sent to thee, to giue

To wipe out our Ingrati

Above their quantitie.

2. So did we wooe

Transformed Timon, to ou

By humble Message, and b

We were not all vnkinde,

The common stroke of w

1. These walles of our

Were not erected by rei

You haue recey'd your g

That these great Towres,

For private faults in them

2. Nor are they liuing